

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Young Edmund Robinson's tale sent shock waves through the quiet village of Wheatley Lane. The events he described were beyond the realm of ordinary understanding. The community was abuzz with speculation, fear, and a fervent desire to uncover the truth.

Edmund's father, also named Edmund Robinson, was a steadfast man. He couldn't ignore the terror that had gripped his son, so he decided to seek justice for the unspeakable events that had transpired on that fateful All Saints Day.

The local authorities, Justices Richard Shuttleworth and John Starkie, listened intently as young Edmund recounted his harrowing experience. It was a tale that seemed to blur the lines between reality and the supernatural.

The image of the shining collars and the uncanny transformation of the greyhounds into familiar faces haunted young Edmund. He described the dark magic that had ensnared him, the spectral ride to Hoarstones, and the bizarre gathering of sixty shadowy figures.

As Edmund spoke, the room seemed to grow colder, shadows lengthening as if the very air held its breath. He detailed the macabre ritual, where ropes from the roof produced a cascade of unearthly sustenance, and the participants wore twisted, menacing expressions.

The names he mentioned were known in the village, faces that had once been familiar now tinged with an aura of dread. Loynd wife, Dickinson wife, Jennet Davies - their reputations tarnished by association with this sinister gathering.

Edmund's father, eyes fixed on his son, listened with a mixture of disbelief and determination. It was his unwavering love for his child that gave him the strength to stand as witness, to corroborate the terrifying account.

As the examination unfolded, it became clear that the events of All Saints Day were not isolated. Edmund, the younger, revealed another encounter with Loynd wife, a chilling confrontation with a cloven-footed boy, and the disturbing sight of thorn-studded pictures.

The air in Gawthorpe Hall grew heavier with each revelation, as if the room itself held the weight of the malevolent forces described.

When the testimony was complete, a silence settled over the hall. The gravity of the situation hung in the air, and the gravity of the accusations weighed heavily on the accused. The wheels of justice were set in motion, determined to uncover the truth behind the Pendle witch trials of 1634.

The story of Edmund Robinson would echo through the ages, a testament to the enduring struggle between the known and the unknowable, the tangible and the spectral. And in the shadow of those events, the village of Wheatley Lane would forever bear the weight of its dark history.